

U.D.S.



UNCENSORED

J.I.S

DYKE
DOLLS!

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POLYMORPHOUS
PERVERSITY!

UNCONSCIOUS
FANTASIES/
REVEALED.

SOFTCORE
HARDCORE

DISSERTATIONS
ON THE STATE
OF DESIRE!

BUM-
BOYS!

Into cute
teenagers?*

Explicit
GAY
SEX

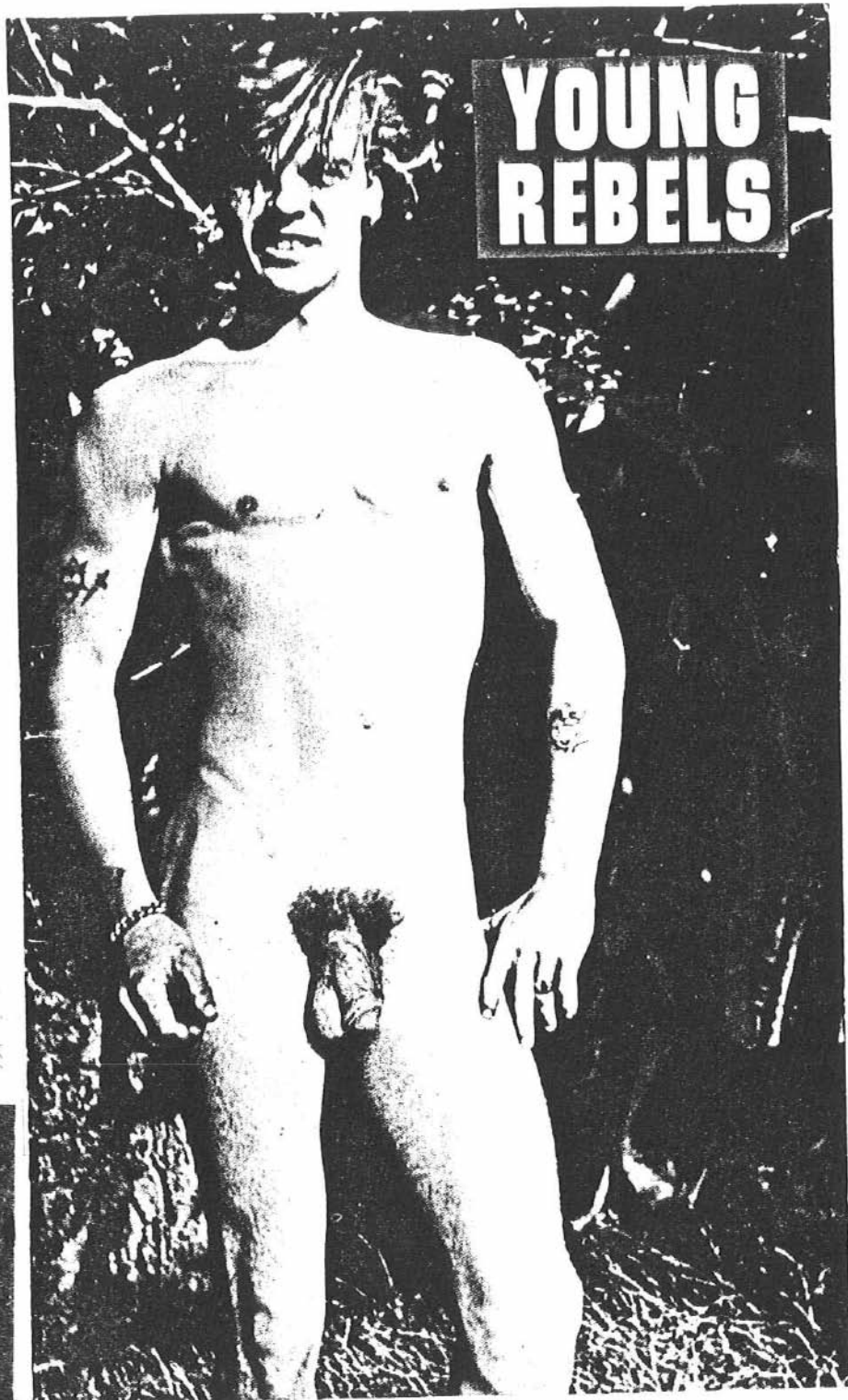
SENSATIONAL

HEAVY
DUTY

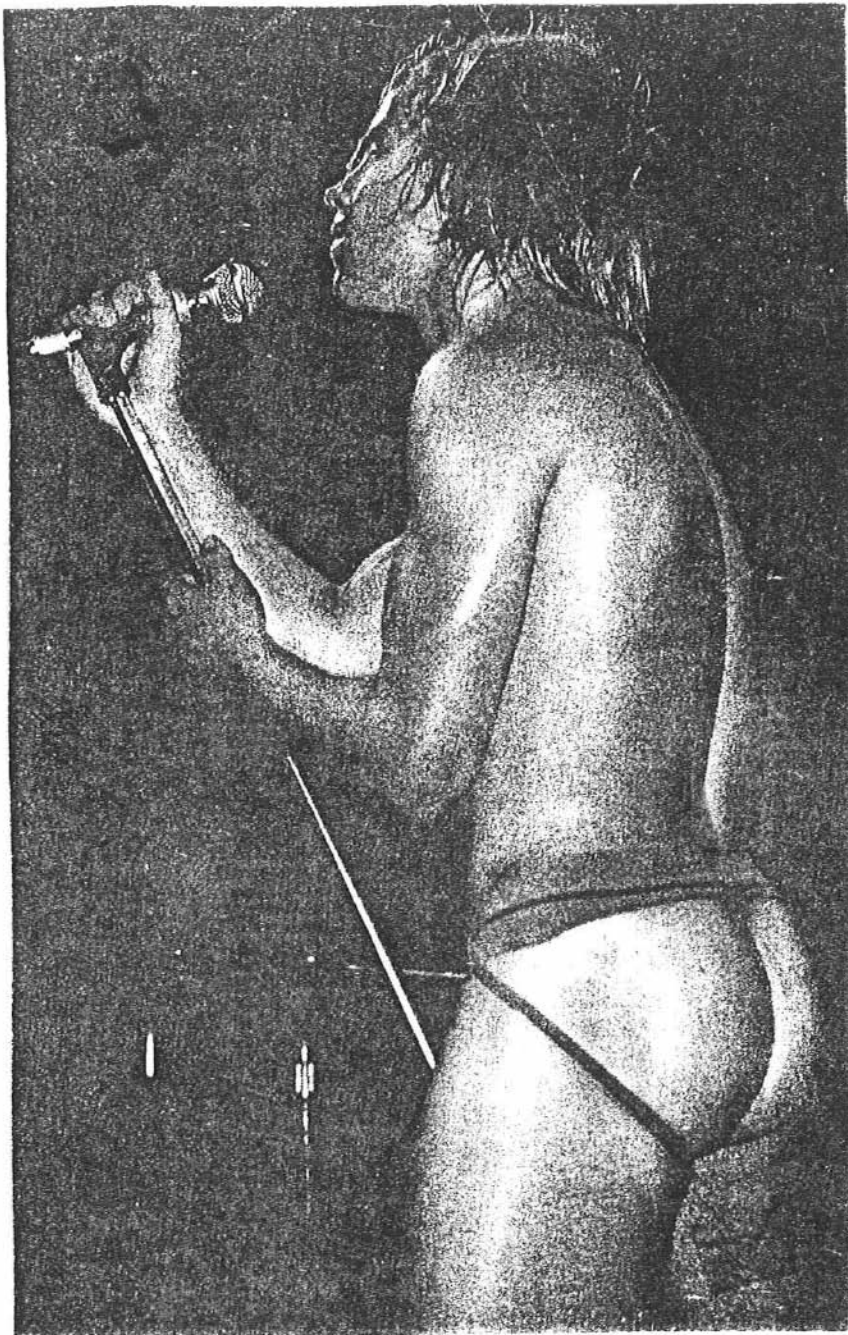
YOUNG
REBELS

X
Rated

NAKED YOUNG GUYS



WAKED AND DANCING



Red Hot Chilli Peppers



Neon Rome

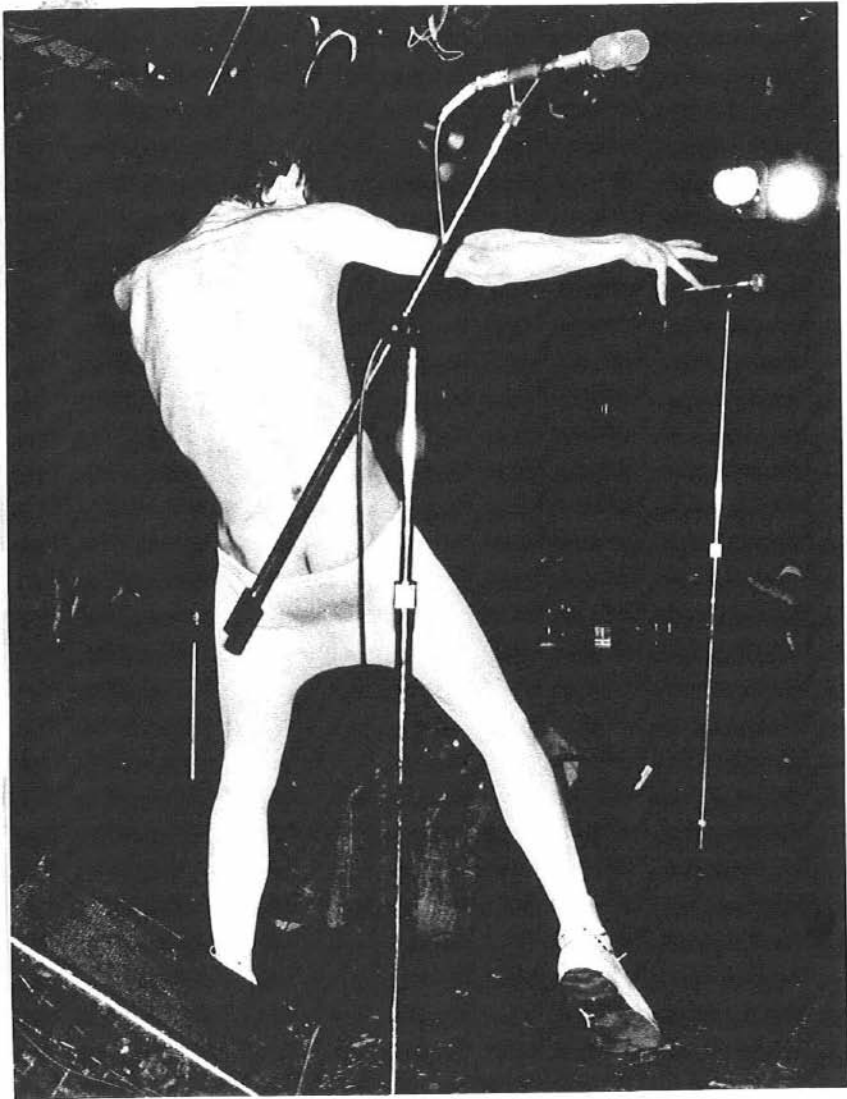


PHOTO - TAB TWAIN

Group Home



Dead Kennedy Jello Biafra makes an exhibition of himself. Pic: Chester Simpson.

D.K.'s



Pic: Peter Anderson

Fad Gadget

J.D. AT THE WEDDING

You don't have to be a genius to figure out why weddings are worse than funerals, so I'm not even going to bother spelling it out for you, but I will say that I knew my brother's wedding was not exactly going to be a ceremony that in the future I would use the word cherish to describe, and I also knew that my mother wasn't going to buy the same bed-ridden invalid gag I'd drummed up to get out of going to the stag party. Even worse than the humiliation of having to be an usher at a bad wedding was the fact that it was going to take place in Niagra Falls, the bride-to-be's home town. You could tell my brother was pleased as punch that he'd be saving all that gas money on the Honeymoon by just driving to the outskirts of town and checking into a motel for newlyweds. Meanwhile the whole family would have to spend the weekend at the dreariest love motel, complete with heart-shaped pool and beds, pillows with the Falls embroidered on them in gold sequins, lava lamps, bare pink light-bulbs, and bear-skin rugs. I was becoming wretched just thinking about the prospect.

Then I got the bright idea of inviting Butch, my best friend. I knew my mother wouldn't want him to come to the wedding. She didn't approve of Butch. He had short bleached hair and tattoos and he'd been in jail. He wasn't very responsive, either. Whenever I brought him over to the house, she would talk to him like he was some goofy high school student (he actually never attended), and he would just mumble with his head down and

**The
Untold
Story!**



J.D. at the Wedding

shoot a wink at me occasionally when mother wasn't looking. What made mother most nervous of all was the fact that Butch wore tight t-shirts under which you could tell one of his nipples was pierced with a safety pin, something that she never mentioned, but was always sneaking a peak at and then almost dropping the plate she was drying or something. Butch would often rub his nipples or his crotch in front of my family without even thinking about it, which made them all nervous as hell.

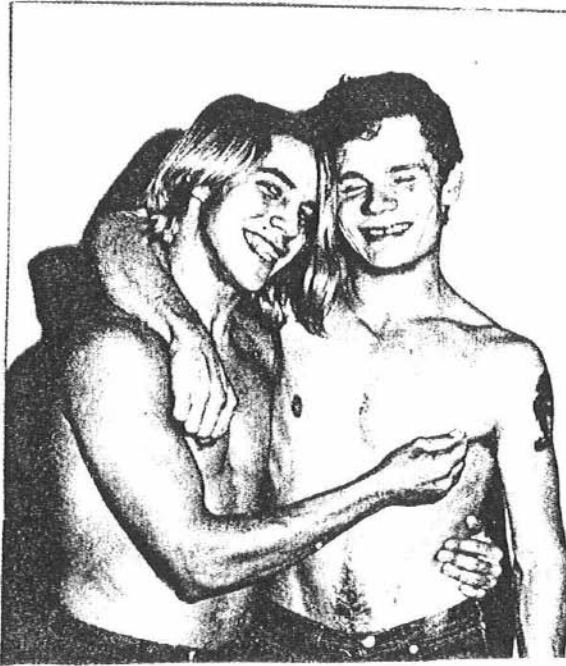


When I brought Butch over and told mother he was coming to the wedding, she almost cried, but I said if he didn't go, I didn't go, so she calmed down and said okay. My father never says much, so he just sort of shrugged his shoulders, put the newspaper back up in front of his face, and said something about Butch needing a new barber. My little sister Cookie, who is nine, thinks Butch is cool so she got all excited and did a cart-wheel on the living room rug so that he could see her panties.

On the Friday night before the wedding we all drove down to Niagra Falls in my father's car, my parents in the front seat, and me and Butch in the back

with Cookie sandwiched in between us. We played magnetic checkers and Chinese checkers and counted American license plates and stuff like that until Cookie fell asleep with her head on Butch's lap and her feet jabbing into my ribs. As I was looking out the window counting telephone poles, Butch slid his hand over top of Cookie and grabbed my thigh which made me jump so that my head hit the roof. He pulled it away fast as Cookie stirred and my father glanced into the rear view mirror suspiciously. I asked him if he wanted me to drive for a while, but he said it was all right. Mother was sleeping, her head resting on a plastic bag against the window so

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as not to mess up her new perm.

By the time we got to the Love Motel, as I was surprised to see it was actually called, at about ten o'clock in the evening, most of our relatives and friends of the family and my brother were already there, gathered around the heart-shaped pool and surrounding rock garden with beers and mixed drinks in their hands. Most of my aunts were already tipsy, except for Aunt Violet, who is Born Again, and Aunt June, who merely disapproves, and all of my uncles drunk. My creepy cousins were mostly drunk too. First the boys were talking about sports and girls, and then they played touch football, even

though it was so dark no one could catch the ball. When they touched the man with the ball, usually on the ass, in that sporty way, they would always have to cover up the fact that they got a real rise out of it by calling each other faggot and homo and crap, and you could tell it was the ones who did the most touching who yelled it the loudest. The girls watched them while fixing their hair and make-up and trying to learn how to smoke cigarettes without almost throwing up. Cookie started to try to hang around with the older girls for a while so she could act grown up, but she told us that the clicking of

their high heels and their gum-smacking was giving her a headache, so she started playing with the younger kids who were squealing around like crazy. She had them walking the plank at the pool within five minutes, but it was only April and there was no water in it, so she got yelled at for making the little guys go way out on the diving board.

After that incident, Cookie insisted on hanging around exclusively with me and Butch over by the pool. My brother came over and tried to talk to us for a while. He tried to shake Butch's hand straight off. Butch

just kind of looked at his hand for a minute and then slapped it in a kind of nonchalant, gimme five way. He shook my hand like he'd just closed another real estate deal, and I couldn't help but notice how clammy and cold it felt, like raw steak. His face was all red and sweaty and stuffed into a powder blue tuxedo, and you could tell he was pretty loaded already. He looked at Butch's faded and ripped jeans and tattoos and all and said sort of diplomatically he hoped Butch would be wearing a suit tomorrow at the wedding.

Butch looked up out of the corner of his eye, shot his arm out and gave Cookie a hard squeeze on the back of the leg, which caused her to squeal with delight. My brother grabbed me by the arm and dragged me over towards the other adults.

"What do you think you're doing, bringing that asshole to my wedding?"

"Whadayamean asshole?"

"Asshole. The jerk sitting over there with your sister. That's what I mean."

"Screw you."

I guess it was a pretty typical exchange between the two of us. He was ten years older than me, eighteen years older than Cookie, always bossing us both around when Dad was away. I didn't even know what I was doing at his wedding, to tell the truth. I couldn't have cared less.

"Were you two fighting again?" Cookie asked when I returned. "Cripes".

"Hey, watch your mouth," I said, and Butch laughed. "Don't encourage her," I told him.

Butch told me to relax, and I pretty much did. After all, I didn't give a fuck about anyone there except for him and Cookie, so why should I waste my time getting worked up about it? But for about five minutes after our little argument my heart was speeded up and beat irregular for a while like it always does when I'm upset.



Butch had me cheered up in no time, though, telling me stories about being in jail and fights he'd been in like he always did. For some reason he kept grabbing at my ankles and squeezing them and pinching me really hard but playful on the arm. I could never tell exactly what he was thinking. Then he told Cookie to run over and see if her mother needed her or something, but she could tell he was just trying to get rid of her for a little while. It was obvious that she was on the verge of tears because she had an enormous crush on Butch, and I started feeling really guilty about him sending her away, so I told her that tomorrow we'd spend the whole reception with her, dancing and requesting our favourite songs and junk, and I even told her that some day she could come and live with us when we got our own apartment, which made her really happy. I don't know whether I should've told her that, but I really meant it when I said it. She said she had to go help mother as if she really did, and then gave me and Butch, one at a time, hard, tight-lipped kisses that pushed our lips up against our teeth.

Butch slowly slid off his lawn chair and dropped down into the empty deep

end of the pool. I walked around casually to the shallow end, to the point of the heart, and, checking that nobody was looking, stepped to the concrete bottom and walked down towards Butch, who was now leaning against the blue wall at the far end, rubbing his crotch. Above him in the near distance I could see my relatives getting drunker and drunker, but they had disappeared from view by the time I reached Butch at the deep end. I put my hands on his chest as we started to neck, tugging gently at the safety pin in his tit. I went down



THE DIRTY PARTS

J.D. AT THE WEDDING

on my knees and kissed his boots, then ran my hands up the insides of his legs and grabbed his balls. He unzipped his fly and put his cock in my mouth.

As I happily gave my friend Butch a blow job, I could hear several voices approaching. Some of my aunts had worked their way over towards the pool and were now standing above our heads talking about one of their extra-marital affairs. Lifting my eyes I could make out the backs of their stockinged legs in the darkness no more than ten feet away. Butch was being completely

silent, but I could tell he was ready to come. I noticed one of my aunts kept on taking a slight step backwards every so often, edging closer to the pool. Butch was now pumping my head up and down vigorously as my hands clutched his ass. I lifted my eyes again to see my aunt take another step backwards so that the high heel of one of her shoes slid off the edge. She flung her arm back to correct her balance, and the contents of the drink she was holding in her hand spilled on top of my head as Butch came in my mouth.

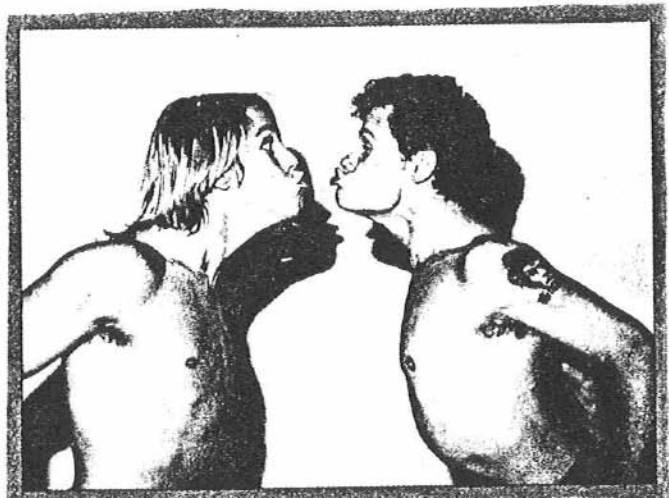
My aunts started laughing about one of them almost taking a dive, and as they chattered now even louder than before, I could identify them as Aunt April, Aunt May, and Aunt Elsie. Butch zipped up his fly and we tried to sneak to the other end, but an uncharacteristic silence amongst the aunts gave us away. They all three stepped to the side of the pool in a row and peered down at us.

"That you, Cliffy?" asked Aunt April, her voice echoing off the walls. "That you and your little friend? Come over where I can see you."

I walked over and stood directly beneath her.

"Yeah, it's me."

"Well why don't you come over and join the party, honey? Or are you two having your own private party?"



The aunts all snickered and Aunt Elsie lost her footing again and spilled some more of her rye and tab on my shirt.

After this incident I decided I needed a breather, so I told my mother that me and Butch were going for a walk. She looked at Butch nervously and touched her hair to make sure everything was there. Then she told us we could go as long as we weren't too long because it was already midnight and we had to be up at nine to get ready for the noon wedding. I felt guilty about leaving Cookie with the creeps, but Butch had plans.

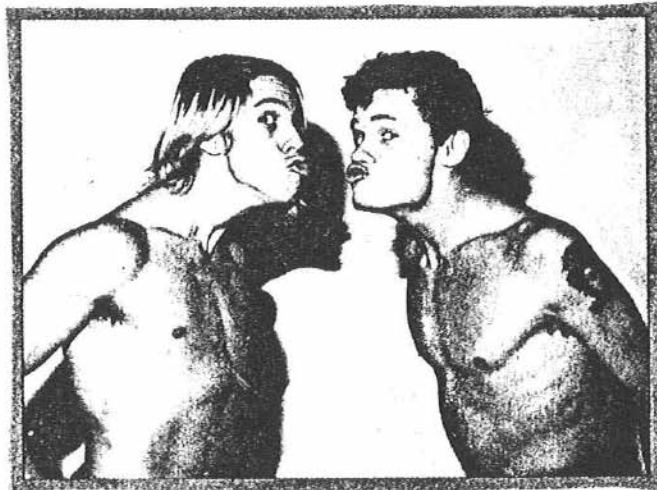
As soon as the Love Motel was out of sight, Butch pulled out a marijuana cigarette and we smoked it. We went for a coffee at a donut store, just sitting there, not really talking to each other. Butch often didn't

have anything to say, which some mistook for stupidity, others for wisdom. I was content just sitting across from him, looking down into my coffee or observing the Niagara Falls variety of hooker breeze by on spike heels.

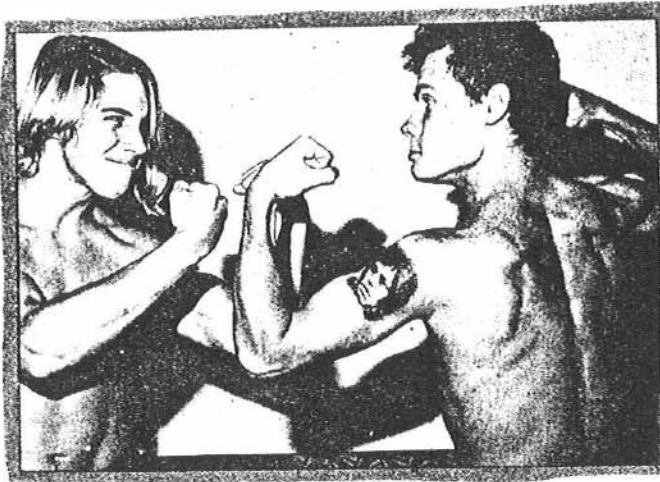
When we left we smoked some more dope and got pretty diorganized. We decided to go take a look at the Falls, so we started to follow the dull, low rumble that you can hear all over the city.

After about an hour of walking we still hadn't found it, and it didn't sound like we were getting any closer. Then it seemed like we just turned around and there it was in front us, these millions of tons of water spilling over the edge, all lit up in coloured lights. We walked to the closest observation point and stood at the railing for about an hour. It didn't feel romantic, exactly, because I don't know what that is, but Butch kept rubbing his leg against mine, and we necked a couple of times.

Just as we were about to leave, Butch put his arm around my waist and these two young heavy metal types who were walking by yelled faggots at us. Butch ran



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over to the bigger one and called him names I'd never heard before, then started beating the shit out of him while his friend just stood and watched. He had him down on the ground kicking him in the stomach when I finally grabbed him by the arm and pulled him away. That was Butch's idea of romance.

We wandered around for another couple of hours, smoking and drinking from the mickey that Butch always carried tucked in his jeans.

We had some problems finding the Love Motel because all the motels looked exactly the same. When we finally found the right one, I didn't want to go to our room because we were sharing a double

with my brother and we'd lost our key. Staggering and laughing, arms around each other's necks and hands over each other's mouths, we made our way to our door and Butch, after giving me a long sloppy kiss, knocked loudly. After a few minutes, my brother opened the door. You could tell he was hung over in his powder blue pajamas. He swore at us for a few minutes while we stripped down to our underwear and got into the bed beside his. I guess I was supposed to have slept with my brother, but I couldn't stomach it. He turned off the lights and in the safety of the darkness, I put my arm over Butch's ribs and played with his tits, sliding the safety pin back and forth and running my finger down the hairy path to his pubic hair. He was hard, as usual, and I couldn't wait for my brother to start snoring so we could get down to business.

Then something unexpected happened which I still feel kind of guilty about, but not too much. My brother started calling out my name from his bed about five feet away and waiting for my response. I just lay there wondering what he wanted; you could tell he was still drunk, but there was something earnest in his voice.

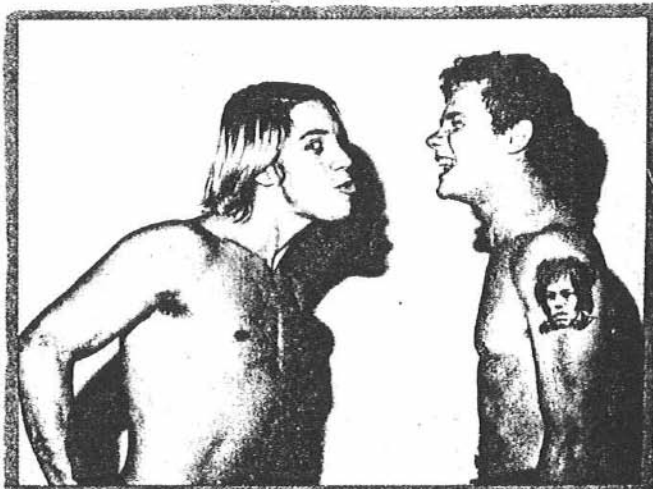
J.D. AT THE WEDDING

Then he says, word for word, "You know, tomorrow is the most important day of my life". You could tell he wanted to get into some deep conversation about his future and stuff like that, even though we hadn't had a serious conversation in about ten years. So what I did was I started to snore as realistic as possible to make him think I was asleep. Butch almost started to laugh, but I poked him in the ribs so hard that he doubled up in pain. My brother gave up and after about four minutes he was snoring away, probably dreaming about the next ninety years of marital bliss.

I started running my fingers up and down Butch's spine and kissing the back of his neck. He rolled over and clamped onto my neck, giving me a hickey that I would have some time explaining the next day. I ran my tongue down to his balls and tried to fit both into my mouth, which was impossible. Then I started kissing and licking his cock which was pulsating against his stomach. Butch spit on

his fingers and started to work on my asshole, then grabbed my cock with his other hand and stroked it hard. At one point I let out a little yell which disturbed my brother's snoring, breaking it into several snorts and a heavy sigh, but he just rolled over and started up again like a foghorn.

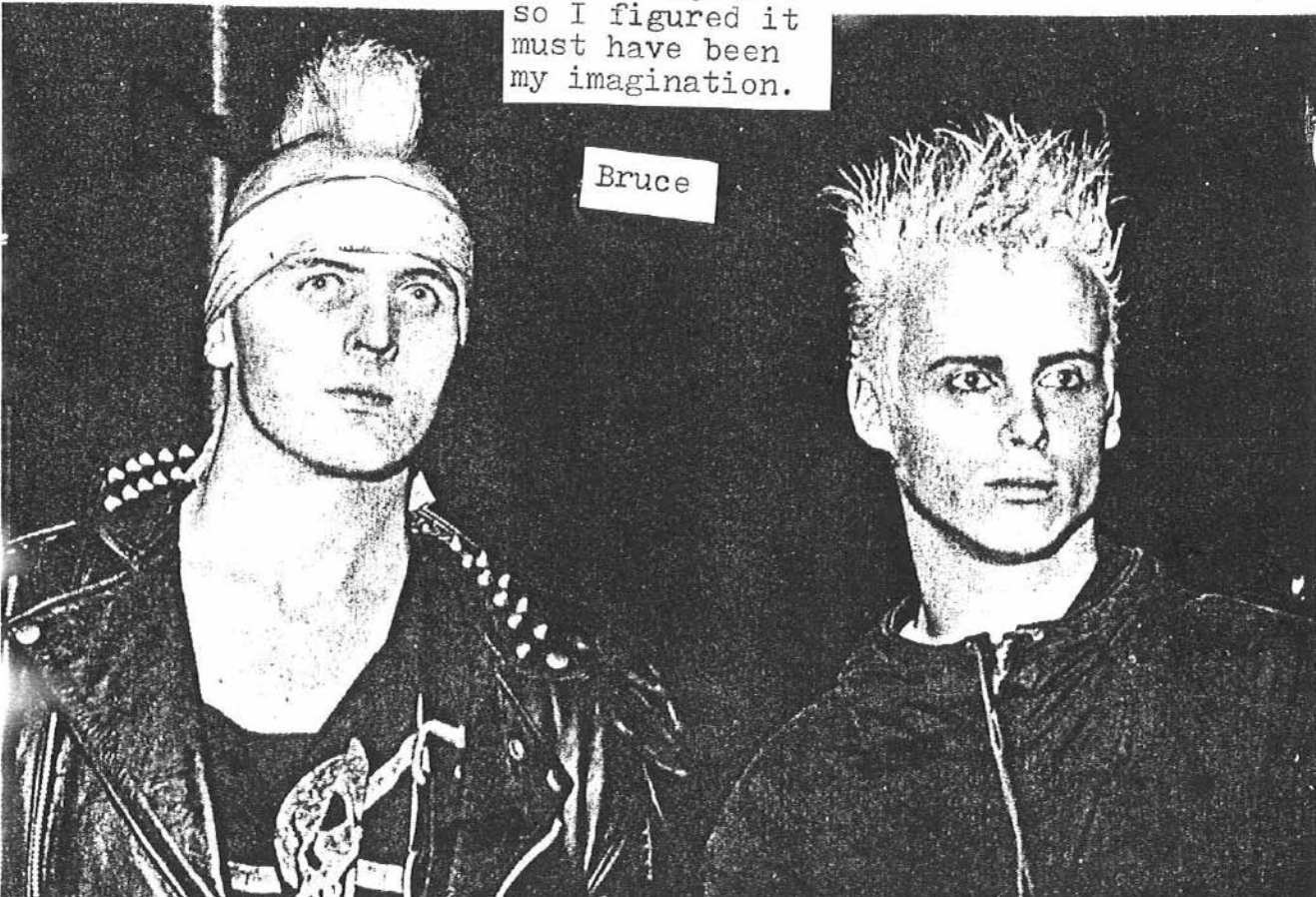
After a while Butch came in my mouth as I came in his hand. We tip-toed to the bathroom to clean up, washing each other's bodies with little Niagara Falls-shaped soap and water.



PHOTOS: LYDIA BURDICK

We'd have to be up in about an hour to get ready for the wedding, but I knew now that I could face anything with Butch. But the funny thing was, just before I went to sleep, I thought I heard Cookie yelling. I almost got out of bed to look out the window, but I didn't hear it again so I figured it must have been my imagination.

Bruce









LAVENDER



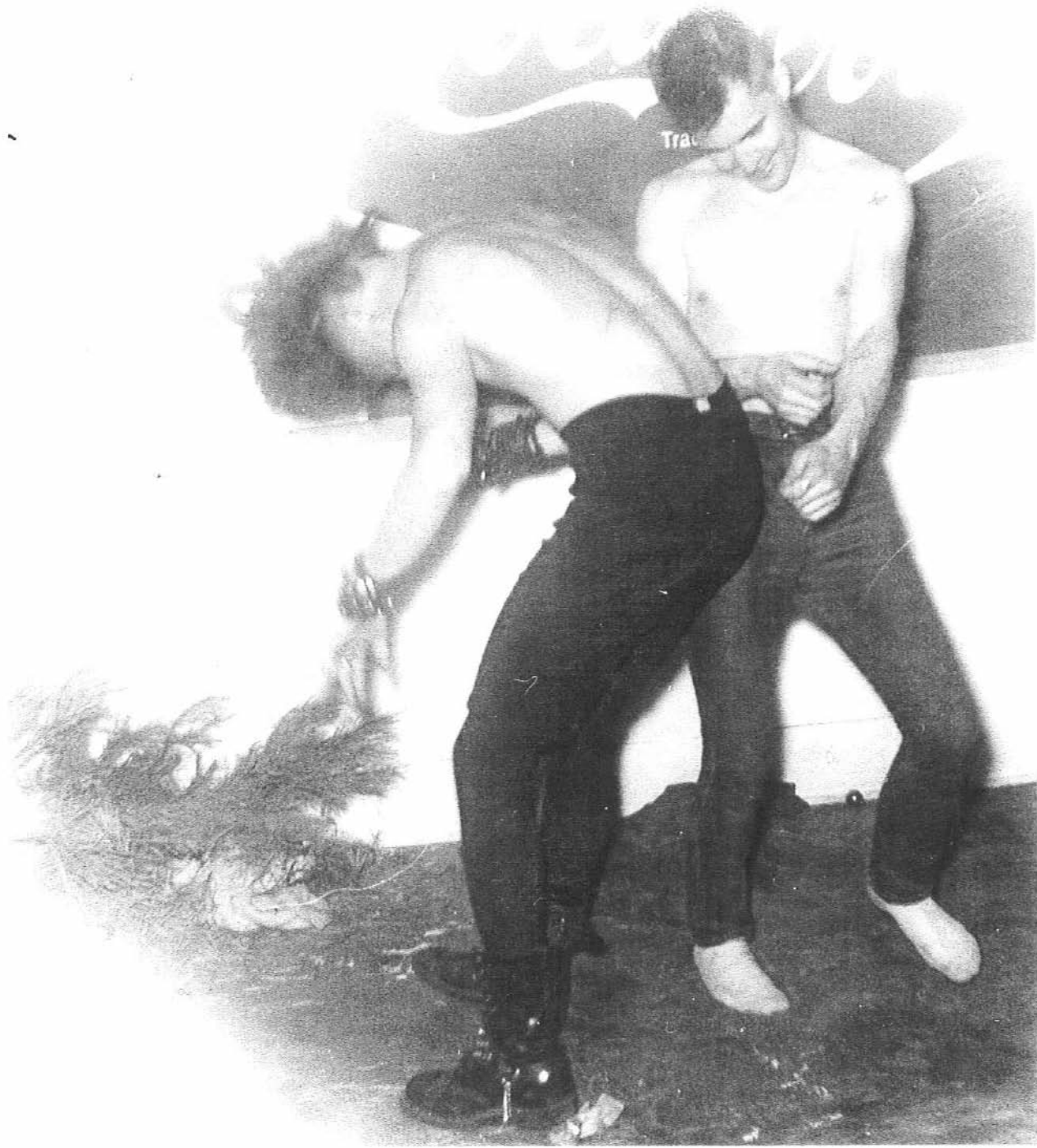
PHOTOS: G.B. JONES

These two

Lavender

ladshave got
your number.

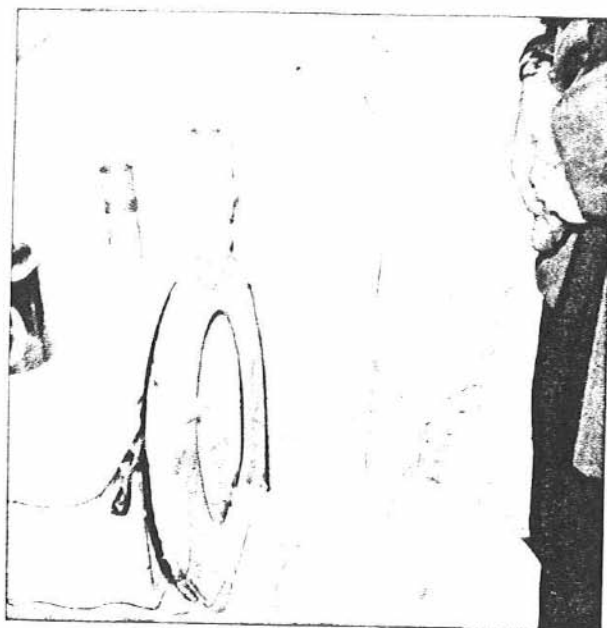
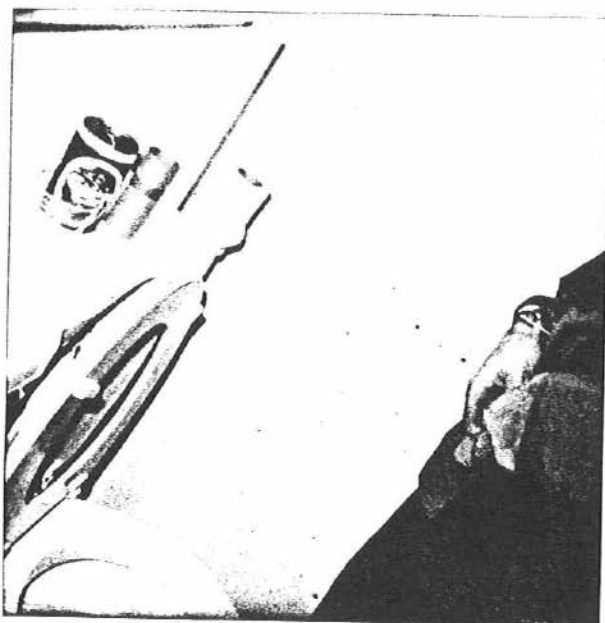
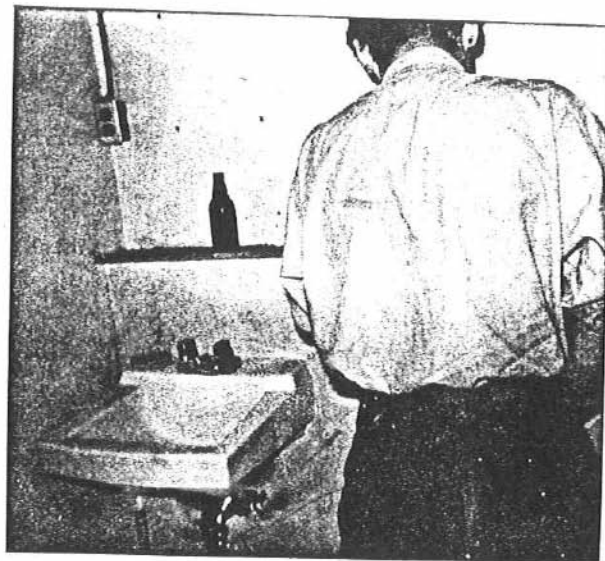
Meet our new discoveries - Bruce LaBruce and
Joe the Ho.







Don't forget to see Bruce and Joe the Ho
in G.B. Jones new movie "The Troublemakers"



POLAROID: K.M.C.

WHERE TO FIND THEM: A speakeasy on Spadina

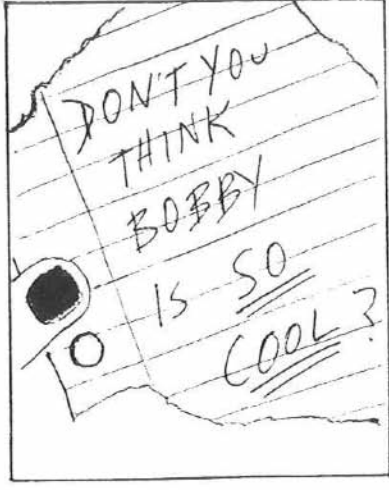


POLAROID: BRIAN

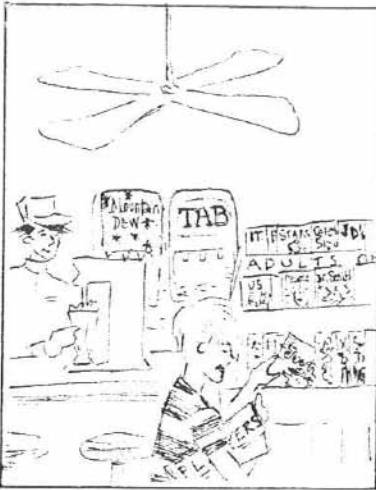
JIMMY

WHERE TO FIND HIM:

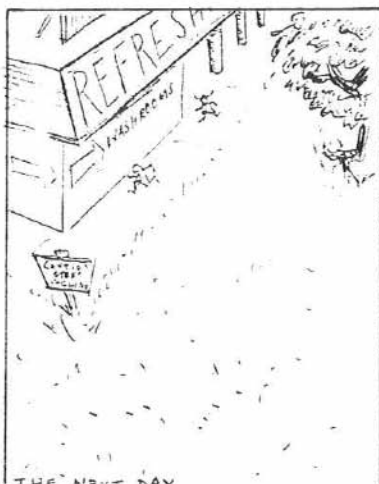
Queen and Bathurst or Paris or New York



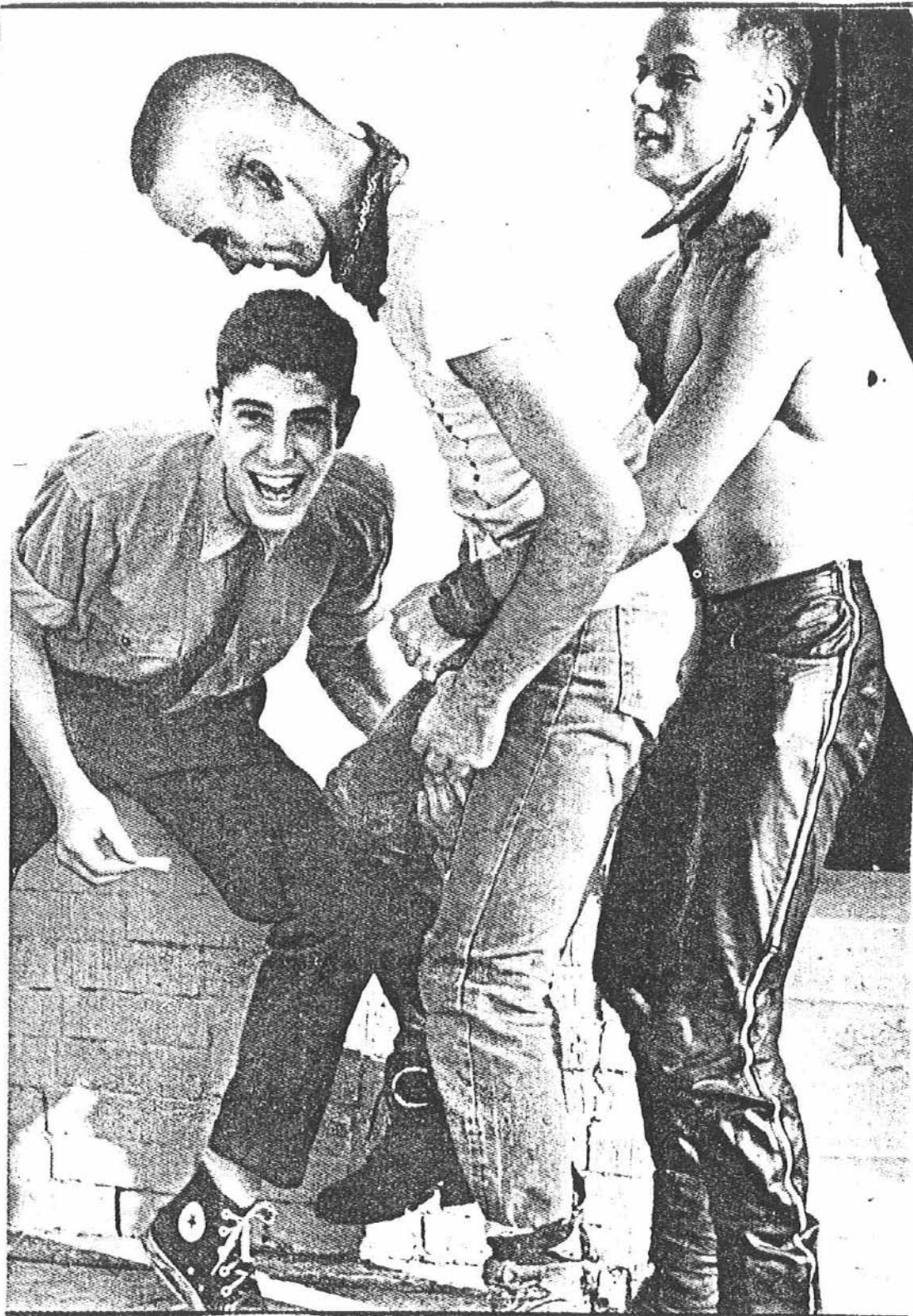










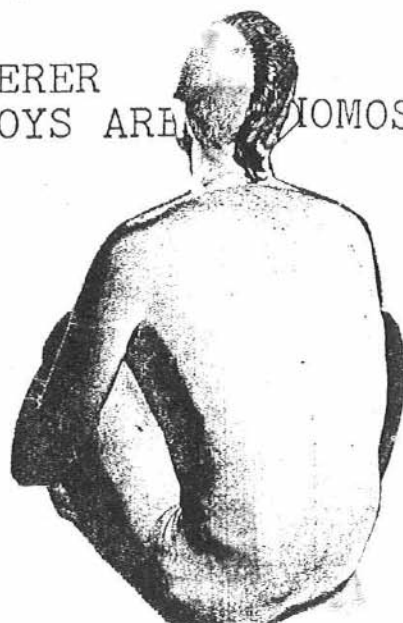


J.D.s

home-core

TOP TEN

1. ARYAN DISGRACE - FAGGOT IN THE FAMILY
2. FIFTH COLUMN - THE FAIRVIEW MALL STORY
3. NIP DRIVERS - QUENTIN CRISP
4. ANGRY SAMOANS - HOMO-SEXUAL
5. DR. KNOW - FIST FUN
6. ZUZU'S PETALS - BERT, PHILANDERER
7. GAY COWBOYS IN BONDAGE - COWBOYS ARE HOMOS
8. PATTI SMITH - REDONDO BEACH
9. MIGHTY SPHINCTER - FAG BAR
10. BUTTHOLE SURFERS - THEME SONG



Hot!

